

AN HUMBLE
A D V I C E
T O
His Sacred Majesty,
Agent the Drawing of
LONDONS CHARTER.

By a SCOTTISH Pen.

DRead SIR, You still was Good, but now most Great;
Ye now do Reign in Majestie and State:
Your unsheath'd Sword of Justice hath done more,
Than all the Kings of *England* did before,
By Strength, and force of Armes; Yea, it is strange,
There's not a drop of Blood spilt in this Change:
A Wonder SIR, like to Your coming Home,
To see Rebellion Buried in it's Tomb;
VVhich lately Rous'd and Rag'd in every Bench,
In Street, in Coffee-house: then let the *French*,
And other Monarchs, Vail their Capes to Thee,
VVho Rules by Laws, and not by Tirranie:
But since they thus, are at YOUR Royal Feet,
Crying *Peccavi*, and humble do Intreat
Your Grace and Favour, Pray You take Advice,
Compose their CHARTER, as the Heavens do Ice,
To last no longer then it is Your Pleasure.
Clip YOU their Wings, nor they the VVings of *Cesar*:
And lest that they, and their Posteritie,
Turn wanton, and abuse YOUR Clemencie;
Let that their CHARTER, bear this special Clause,
That these who slight Authoritie, or Laws;
Or vent Seditious words, may breed mischief,
Shall never taste Bag-pudden, nor Rost-bief,
Nor Pig, nor Pork, nor Powthered-bief and Cabbage,
But Brownelt-bread, Boyl'd-beans, and such like Baggage,
And that but once a Day, to save their Life;
This is the way to keep them free of Strife:
And since their Patience was Impertinent,
Let Patience be their sole Medicament.

*Conform to Hon.
8. Statute.*

F I N I S.